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VIZ.

I. The HOURS of LOVE: in four ELEGIES: viz.
NIGHT, MORNING, NOON, and EVENING.

II. The PLEASURES of a SINGLE LIFE; or, the
MISERIES of MATRIMONY, by Sir *John Dillon*.

III. An ODE to the Honourable *H—y F—x*, Esq;
on the MARRIAGE of the D—s of *M—r*
to — *H—ff—y*, Esq; by the late Sir C. H. W.

IV. HELOISA to ABELARD, by Mr. *Pope*, with
an ANSWER, by Mrs. *M—*.

V. ABELARD to ELOISA, by a Gentleman of
Cambridge.

L O N D O N:

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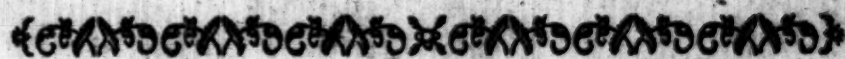
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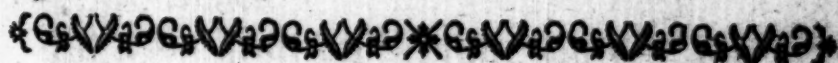
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THE
HOURS of LOVE:
IN FOUR
ELEGIES:

VIZ.

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HOURS OF LOVE

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~~that Elegy is a Kind of Writing which should
not be read, and I could think of no other~~

Method of improving the Imagination of my
Readers with this kind of Poem, than by pre-
sents to a select Perusal of these Poems, than by pre-
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

M A R I A,

Countess of **COVENTRY.**

M A D A M,

THE following Elegies, which paint the
Progress of an unhappy Passion, through
the circling Periods of a single Day, beg
Leave to shelter themselves under your Lady-
ship's Name, from the rude Hands, and unfeel-
ing Hearts of merciless Critics. Love is a Being
of too delicate a Constitution to be roughly
treated, and here it doubts not to rest secure
from their Attacks, within the Privilege of that
Sanctuary, which even Critics must approach
with Reverence.

But your Ladyship's Protection was not the
sole Motive that induced me to this Address. I
had a more politic Design in View. I knew

that Elegy is a Kind of Writing which should not be coolly read; and I could think of no surer Method of inflaming the Imagination of my Readers with that gentle Enthusiasm, necessary to a spirited Perusal of these Poems, than by previously calling to their Remembrance the Idea of the *Countess of COVENTRY*. The *DELIA* of the Poems is not sufficiently known, for this Purpose; and, if she were, in Spight of the strongest Partiality that Love can inspire, I must confess, your Ladyship is far beyond her; nor will she condemn me for this Acknowledgment, which powerful Truth extorted from me; for I never knew any Woman who was not content to be thought second to your Ladyship in Beauty, which is but the least considerable of your Perfections.

I had also another Reason for preferring your Ladyship to this Trouble; I hate Flattery, and at the same Time am convinced how difficult it is to avoid it upon these Occasions; I therefore pitched upon your Ladyship as the only Person in the World, perhaps, whom it is impossible to flatter: so that, by Means of my judicious Choice alone, this Dedication must be allowed that Merit, to which all others have, in vain, pretended, I mean Sincerity. For, if I should be-
stow

flow upon your Ladyship the most extravagant Praise (with which it is not at all my Intention to offend your Ears) who is there that would think I said too much? Posterity indeed might justly think I flattered, but it is because the Painters of the present Age, with respect to your Ladyship, seem rather more averse to Flattery, than I am; but principally, because Posterity can never see the present *Countess of COVENTRY*.

I only wish it were as easy to persuade your Ladyship, as all the World besides, that what I say is Truth; I hope I shall, at least, gain Credit when I say

I am your Ladyship's

Most devoted,

Most obedient, and

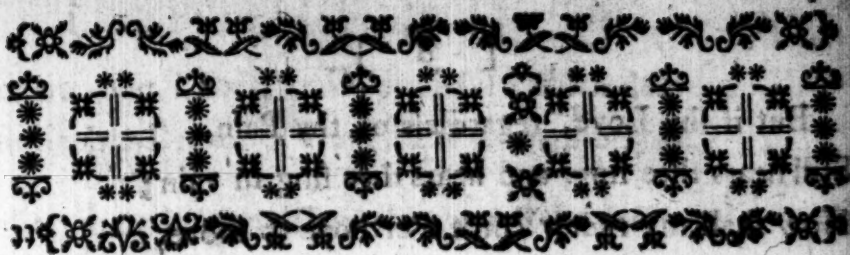
Very humble Servant,

The Author.

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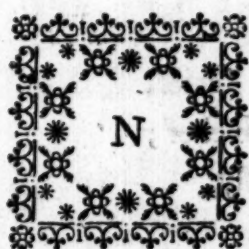
THE Author of the following Lines, having dwelt with Pleasure on the Writings of several of our most eminent Poets, and having, from a very early Acquaintance, their Thoughts almost inseparably blended with his own, without any Design of Imitation, insensibly fell, not only into their Way of thinking, but sometimes into their very Manner of Expression, in some Passages of the following Elegies.

Thus much he thought incumbent upon him to acknowledge to the Public; and further, he must confess, if these Elegies have any Merit, in their Sentiment, Conduct or Simplicity, that it is entirely owing (next to the Beauty that inspired them) to the Taste he acquired in studying Mr. Hammond's elegant Compositions of this Kind; and if this Publication shall at any Time occasion the Author's Name to be mentioned in Company with that Gentleman's, he will attain the highest Honour, to which, as a Writer, his Ambition would aspire.



NIGHT.

The FIRST ELEGY.

 O W *Cynthia* shone serene with Silver
Light,
N And Silence reign'd sole Monarch of
the Night ;
Now scarce a Zephyr fan'd the placid
Sky,

But all was hush'd, — save *Philomel* and I.

Sweet, tuneful Bird, who shun'st the Noise of Day,
Darkling to chaunt thy melancholy Lay,
If it be Love that makes thee loath Repose,
Then let me mingle sympathetic Woes.

But

But if thy Love, regardless of thy Pain,
Still hears thee sing, and hears thee sing in vain;
How shall my ruder Voice e'er hope to move,
Or charm my gentle *Delia* into Love?

Here let me Nightly wander in the Grove,
To court th' Idea of my absent Love,
With Fancy's Eye, to gaze upon her Charms,
And press the lovely Phantom to my Arms.

Bring, bring my *Delia*'s Image to my Mind,
And for a Moment let me think her kind:
Oh! 'tis in vain — Imagination dies,
The fancy'd *Delia*, like the real, flies.

Oh! I am sick, oppress'd with tender Grief,
Bring, gentle Love, oh! bring me soft Relief;
Quick, on the Wings of Expectation, fly,
Oh! help thy Vot'ry, help me or I die.

The Night's far spent, and soon the Morn shall rise,
Come, gentle Sleep, and seal these weeping Eyes,
Thou Balm of Nature, sink into my Breast,
Shut ev'ry Sense — O lull my Soul to Rest.

In soft Repose the gentle *Delia*'s laid,
Sweet be the Slumbers of the sleeping Maid,

Let

Let no rude Thought the peaceful Charm destroy,
But let her Dream of Love, and Dream of Joy.

Let some bright Vision then my Form assume,
With Charms delusive and Ethereal Bloom;
Then let the Phantom kneel before the Fair,
And tell her how I love, and how despair.

For oh! I think, could gentle *Delia* know
But half my Passion, or but half my Woe,
She'd surely pity, tho' she'd not approve,
And tender Pity is a kin to Love.

M O R N I N G.

The S E C O N D E L E G Y.

WISH'D Morn is come, — a chearful Ray of
Light

Peeps thro' the sable Curtains of the Night;
And now I hear the tow'ring Lark, on high,
Chaunt his glad Mattins thro' the vocal Sky.

Sleepless I've toss'd the tedious Night away,
And wish'd, impatient, for the tardy Day;
What now avails the chearful Dawn of Light;
Wrapt in Despair, with me 'tis endless Night.

All Nature seems refresh'd ; must only Love
 No kind Repose, no Intermission prove ?
 E'en painful Care is sometimes lull'd to Sleep,
 Must Love alone eternal Vigils keep ?

At *Delia's* Window I'll my Station take,
 And sing of Love, 'till gentle *Delia* wake ;
 In softest Strain, her Slumbers I'll remove,
 And she shall wake to Music and to Love.

O ! for *Tibullus's* Voice, for *Hammond's* Lyre,
 To kindle Rapture, and excite Desire !
 Then should she melt at ev'ry tender Strain,
 And her Heart sigh with sympathetic Pain.

This is her Window — sweetest *Delia* rise,
 O lovely Maid, unveil thy radiant Eyes ;
 With one soft Smile, chase dark Despair away,
 Arise, my *Delia*, smile and make it Day.

She hears me not — regardless of my Pain,
 Or, if she hears, she hears with cold Disdain.
 On this bare Earth for ever let me lie,
 Here let me languish, here despair and die.

But hark, a Noise! — and now the Window opes!
 'Tis *Delia's* Self — 'tis She by all my Hopes!
 Soft gracious Smiles, o'er ev'ry Feature play,
 Bright as the Radiance of the rising Day.

Hail! beauteous Nymph, in native Charms array'd,
 Thou need'st from gawdy Dress no borrow'd Aid;
 How sweet that loose Attire, that careless Air;
 In artless Negligence, divinely fair!

Come, come, my Fair, together let us stray,
 And taste the Fragrance of the early Day.
 So shall young Health, the rosy Child of Morn,
 With all his Mother's Bloom thy Cheek adorn.

Look, look, abroad, behold 'tis Break of Day;
 See, on yon Lawn, the tender Lambkins play,
 Now ev'ry Linnet sings in ev'ry Grove,
 And laughing Nature charms the Soul to Love.

She smiles Assent — descend, celestial Maid,
 Come to my Arms, my Love, be not afraid.
 Thus let me press my kind, consenting Fair —
 Starting I woke, — She vanish'd into Air.

Oh ! 'twas a flatt'ring Dream ; too soon I found ;
 Stretch'd at her Door I slept upon the Ground,
 Where *Delia's* Form my busy Fancy drew,
 Deck'd her in Smiles, then thought the Vision true.

Thus let me sleep, oh ! thus for ever dream,
 Such heart-felt Extasies, must more than seem ;
 Then, like *Endymion*, blest inraptur'd Boy !
 I'll lie intranc'd in everlasting Joy !

N O O N.

The T H I R D E L E G Y.

NOW *Phæbus* vertically shoots his Rays
 With all the Fervor of his Noon tide Blaze ;
 Now let me seek some solitary Grove,
 To give a Loose to Fancy and to Love.

In what soft Scene is gentle *Delia* laid ?
 Which is, at Noon, my *Delia's* fav'rite Shade ?
 Oft in fair *Richmond's* interwoven Bowers,
 Lonely, she loiters out the sultry Hours.

Does

Does she to *Merlin's* * awful Cave retire,
 To feast her Fancy with poetic Fire?
 Or to the *Hermitage*, † romantic Vault!
 Where learned Busts adorn the classic Grot!

Oh! let me find the beauteous Maid alone,
 And, at her Feet, pour out my artless Moan;
 No longer will I pine, in dumb Despair,
 Perhaps my *Delia* is as kind as fair.

Let the soft Influence of th'enchancing Scene,
 The mazy Thickets, Walks for ever green,
 The flow'ry Lawn, the Light excluding Grove,
 Incline her to the melting Voice of Love.

But hark, there's Music! — 'tis my *Delia's* Voice,
 My *Delia* sings, let all the Grove rejoice!
 Hush ev'ry Breeze, let not an Aspin move,
 Let all be silent, *Delia* sings of Love,

* *Merlin's Cave* in *Richmond Gardens*, where there is a Collection of *English Classics*, to which Mr. *Pope* alludes in this Line:

Ev'n Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet.

† The *Hermitage* is a Grotto in the same Gardens, in which are placed the Busts of several Learned Men.

Sweet

Sweet Maid, let me not interrupt your Song,
 Let the soft Notes still warble on thy Tongue;
 And yet it is too much, at once, to wound
 Our Eyes with Beauty, and our Ears with Sound.

Start not, my *Delia*, here's no Danger near;
 Thy Beauty guards thee — banish ev'ry Fear;
 E'en Love himself, the Tyrant of my Heart,
 Awes with Respect, and takes fair Beauty's Part.

Long have thy Charms depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
 Long has th'Infection rankled in my Breast;
 To speak my tender Sorrow oft I've try'd,
 As oft my Tongue the tender Task deny'd.

Oh! hear me, gentle *Delia*, hear me now,
 Incline propitious to my love-sick Vow:
 So may thy Charms no fading Changes prove,
 But bloom for ever, constant as my Love.

Tho' unadorn'd with Titles or with Pow'r,
 Tho' Fortune smil'd not on my natal Hour,
 Yet I've a Heart that's rich in fond Desire,
 And my Soul glows with more than vulgar Fire.

But,

But, if 'tis Wealth alone thy Love can draw,
 I'll dig for Treasure in the Mines of * Law;
 Pierce the dull Gloom of *Coke's* pedantic Lore,
 And, from his Dross, extract the purest Ore.

Wond'ring shall *Delia* hear my Praises rung,
 What flowing Periods trickle from my Tongue!
 Inspir'd by Thee, and Love's superior Aid,
 Like *Coke*, I'll counsel, and, like *Tully*, plead.

Unpleasing thus, I'll drudge away my Youth,
 Far from the Paths of Science and of Truth;
 Wage endless Battles at the noisy Bar,
 To deck thee with the Spoils of Civil War.

For me — if 'twere not to enrich my Fair,
 I'd wish to shun the bustling Noise of Care,
 Far, in the Centre of some peaceful Grove,
 Retir'd, to dwell with *Delia* and with Love.

Then should we feast on pure extatic Bliss,
 Exchanging Souls at ev'ry melting Kiss,

* The AUTHOR is designed for the Profession of the Bar.

Wrapt in Delight, my *Delia* then should prove,
How poor all Grandeur is, compar'd to Love.

Ah! do not go — my gentle *Delia* stay;
You'll scorch your Beauties in the Blaze of Day;
The Sun now rages in his highest Noon —
And 'tis a Pity sure to part so soon.

But if we must — let's take one tender Leave,
Shall we, my fair, meet here again at Eve?
Oh there's celestial Music in that *Yes*!
Thus let me seal the Promise of my Bliss.

EVENING.

The FOURTH ELEGY.

HOW mild the Evening, how serene the Sky!
With streaky purple ting'd, ethereal Dye!
Calm Stillness rules, no Zephyr seems to move,
And the soft Hour invites the Soul to Love.

The tedious Minute now approaches near,
When *Delia* promis'd she would meet me here:

And

And now, to feast my *Delia* in this Bow'r,
I've gather'd ev'ry Fruit and ev'ry Flow'r.

The velvet Peach, the Plum's unsully'd Blue,
Emblem of untouch'd Beauty's virgin Hue;
The Pine's rich Fruit, less Nature's Child than Art's,
And Cherries — that resemble bleeding Hearts.

To form a Couch, these Roses here I'll strow,
With these I'll weave a Garland for her Brow;
With *Flora's* Gifts, fantastic dress her Hair,
Then gaze with Wonder on the smiling Fair.

Then will I press her little Hand in mine,
While she, with blushing Innocence divine,
And soft Reluctance, shall my Hand controul,
I'll pour out all the Rapture of my Soul.

Grown bold in Love, transported with my Bliss,
On her ripe Lips I'll print a living Kiss,
Whose warm Impression fondly shall impart
And send the soft Infection to her Heart.

Love's Fire shall flash around her as I gaze,
And *Delia's* Eye shall kindle in the Blaze;
Thro' ev'ry Vein shall flame the young Desire,
Like subtil Magic of Electric Fire.

From Soul to Soul the mutual Blaze thus caught,
 With meeting Wish, and Thought preventing Thought,
 Together we'll expire in Flames of Love,
 So *Semele* was once consum'd by *Jove*.

But hark! she comes — the punctual Maid is near;
 The filky rustling of her Veil I hear.
 I'll run to meet her — soft — 'twas but a Breeze,
 That, gently breathing, fann'd the quiv'ring Trees.

And yet the Time's elaps'd — why this Delay?
 And now the setting Sun has clos'd the Day.
 I'll climb the lofty Summit of this Tree,
 Haply from thence my *Delia* I may see.

Oh! 'tis a dreary Desert all around!
 I strain my Eye-Balls, yet no *Delia*'s found.
 Now were it well, to ease at once my Pains,
 And, leaping hence, beat out my desp'rate Brains.

I knew she would not come — deceitful Maid!
 How soon her Smiles my easy Faith betray'd!
 Who'd think that *Delia* falsely thus could do?
 Yet, as a Woman, who could think her true?

Who

Who knows but now, most lavish of her Charms,
Loosely she wantons in some Rival's Arms,
While, drunk with luscious Love, th'intemperate Boy
Riots in Bliss, and surfeits with the Joy.

Distracting Thought ! 'tis Phrenzy ! 'tis Despair !
I'll fly this Instant to th' abandon'd Fair,
Her and her Paramour I'll drag to Light,
And feast censorious Matrons with the Sight.

Yet stay my Heart ! whence this tumult'ous Speed !
My *Delia's* wrong'd — she's Innocence indeed ;
She's chaste, she's virtuous, as the vestal Flame;
'Tis I am wretched — she's a spotless Name,

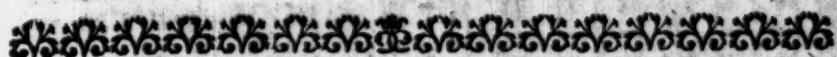


Who knows but now, most faithful of her charms,
Took the weapons in some Rival's Arms.
While, drunk with jealous Love, the insipidate Boy
Rites in Rite, and fancies with the Joy

Disturbing Thought, his Finer's! his Delight!
I'll by this Instant to it abandon'd Fair,
Her and her Partner I'll drag to Light,
And least conscious Matrons with the Sight.

Yet say my Heart! where the tumult'ous Speed!
My Duty's wrong'd — the Innocence indeed;
She's chaste, she's virtuous, as the vestal Flame,
'Tis I am wretched — she's a foolish Name,



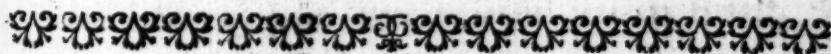


T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F A
S I N G L E L I F E ;

Or, the Miseries of

MATRIMONY.

By Sir JOHN DILLON.



THE

THE

PLEASE

OF

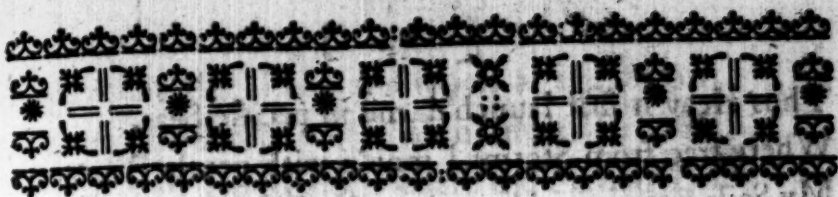
SINGLE

OF THE

MATRIMONY

BY SIR JOHN DILLON

AND



THE
PLEASURES
OF A
SINGLE LIFE,

By Sir JOHN DILLON.



THE DLOCK, oh! curs'd uncomfortable
State,
Cause of my Woes, and Object of my
Hate,

How Blest was I, ah! once how Happy me,
When I from these uneasy Bonds were free.
How calm my Joys, how peaceful was my Breast,
Till with thy fatal Cares too soon oppress'd,
The World seem'd Paradise, so bless'd the Soil,
Wherein I liv'd, that Business was no toil,
Life was a Comfort that produc'd, each Day,
New Joys that still preserv'd me from decay,

Thus

Thus Heav'n first launch'd me in pacific Seas,
 Where free from Storms I mov'd with gentle Breeze,
 My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel tight,
 Coasting in Pleasures-Bay I steer'd aright,
 Balanc'd with true Content, and freighted with De-
 light.

Books my Companions were, wherein I found,
 Needful Advice without a noisy Sound,
 But was with friendly pleasing Silence taught,
 Wisdom's best Rules to fructify my Thought,
 Rais'd up our sage Fore-Fathers from the Dead,
 And when I pleas'd invok'd them to my Aid,
 Who at a Study-Bar without a Fee would plead.
 Whilst I Chief-Justice sat, heard all their Suits,
 And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Disputes;
 Strove to determine every Cause aright,
 Ever held up to Reason's steady light.
 Free from Partiality, I fear'd no Blame,
 Desir'd no Brib'ry nor deserv'd no Shame,
 But like an upright Judge grudg'd no Expence,
 Of Time, to fathom Truth with Diligence;
 Reading by Day, contemplating by Night,
 Till Conscience told me that I judg'd aright.

Next to my Paper-World I'd have Recourse,
 And by my Maps run o'er the Universe,

Sail round the Globe and touch at every Port,
 Survey the Shores where Men untam'd resort,
 View these old Regions where the Persian Lord,
 Taught wooden Deities first to be ador'd,
 Ensnar'd at last to sacrifice his Life,
 To the base Pride of an adulterous Wife,
 And where the Grecian Youth to Arms inur'd,
 The hungry Soil with Persian Blood manur'd,
 Where bold Bucephalus brutal Conduct shew'd,
 The Force of monstrous Elephants withstood,
 Who with their Rider waded thro' a purple Flood.

Then would I next the Roman Field survey,
 Where brave Fabricius with his Army lay,
 Fam'd for his Valour, from Corruption free,
 Made up of Courage and Humility.

Then when encamp'd the good Man lowly bent,
 Cook'd his own Cabbage in his homely Tent,
 And when the Samnites sent a Golden Sum,
 To tempt him to betray his Country Rome,
 The Dross he scoffingly return'd untold,
 And answer'd with a Look serenely bold,
 That Roman Sprouts would boil without their Gre-
 cian Gold;
 Then eat his Cale-worts for his Meal design'd,
 And beat the Grecian Army when he din'd.

Thus would I range the World from Pole to Pole,
 T' encrease my Knowledge and Delight my Soul,
 Travel all Nations and inform my Sense,
 With Ease and Safety at a small Expence,
 No Storms to plough, no Passage-Sums to pay,
 No Horse to hire, no Guide to shew the Way.
 No Alps to climb, no Deserts here to pass,
 No Ambuscade, no Thief to give me chase,
 No Bear to dread, nor ravenous Wolf to fight,
 No Bees to sting, no Rattle-Snakes to bite;
 No Floods to ford, no Hurricanes to fear,
 No dreadful Thunder to surprise the Ear,
 No Winds to freeze, no Sun to scorch or fry,
 No Thirst or Hunger, and Relief not nigh.
 All these Fatigues and Mischiefs could I shun,
 Rest when I pleas'd, and when I pleas'd jog on,
 So travel thro' both Indies in an Afternoon.

The Day thus far, when pleasingly I'd spent,
 And every Hour administred Content,
 Then would I range the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
 Where Nature her exuberant Bounty spreads,
 In whose delightful Product doth appear,
 Inimitable Beauty every where.
 Contemplate on each useful Plant and Weed,
 And how its Form lay first involv'd in Seed,

How

How they're preserv'd by providential Care,
For what design'd, and what their Vi'tues are.

Thus to my Mind by dint of Reason prove,
That all below is ow'd to Heav'n above;
And that no earthly Temporals can be,
But what must enter in Eternity.

Then gaze aloft where all Things had their Birth,
And mount my praying Soul 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
Thus the sweet Harmony o' th' whole admire,
And by due Search new Learning still acquire,
So nearer every Day to Truths divine aspire,
When tir'd with Thoughts then from my Pocket pluck,
Some friendly dear Companion of a Book,
Whose homely Calf-Skin Fancies did contain,
The verbal Treasure of some good Old Man,
Made by long Study and Experience wise,
Whose piercing Thoughts to heavenly Knowledge rise,
Among whose pious Reliques I can find,
Rules for my Life, rich Banquets for my Mind,
Such pleasing Nectars, such eternal Food,
That well digested makes a Man a God;
And for his Use at the same Time prepares,
On Earth a Heaven in spite of worldly Cares.
Each Day in these Enjoyments would I spend,
But chuse at Night my Bottle and my Friend,

Took prudent Care that neither was abus'd,
 But with due Moderation both I us'd,
 And in one sober Pint found more Delight,
 Than does th' insatiate Sot who swills all Night,
 Ne'er drown my Sense nor e'er my Soul debase,
 Or drink beyond the Relish of my Glas,
 For in Excess good Heaven's Design is cross'd,
 In all Extremes the true Enjoyment's lost.

Wine cheers the Heart and elevates the Soul,
 But if we surfeit with too large a Bowl,
 Wanting true Aim we the fair Mark o'er shoot,
 And change the heavenly Image to a Brute.

So the great Gredian who the World subdu'd,
 And drown'd whole Nations in a Sea of Blood,
 At last was conquer'd by the Pow'r of Wine,
 And dy'd a drunken Victim to the Vine.

My Friend and I when o'er the Bottle sat,
 Mixt with each Glas some inoffensive Chat,
 Talkt of the World's Affairs, but still kept free,
 From Passion, Zeal or Partiality.
 With honest Freedom did our Thoughts dispense,
 And judg'd of all Things with Indifference;
 Till Time at last did our Delights invade,
 And in due Season Separation made,

Then without Envy, Discord or Deceit,
 Part like true Friends as loving as we meet,
 The Tavern change to a domestic Scene,
 That sweet Retirement, tho' it's ne'er so mean,
 Thus love each other in a chearful Plight,
 T' enjoy the silent Pleasures of the Night.

When home return'd, my Thanks to Heaven I pay,
 For all the past kind Blessings of the Day,
 No haughty Help-Mate does my Peace molest,
 No treacherous Snake to harbour in my Breast,
 No fawning Mistress of the Female Art,
 With Judas kisses to betray my Heart,
 No light-tail'd Hypocrite to raise my Fears,
 No vile Impertinence to plague my Ears,
 No mottley Offspring to torment my Thought,
 In wedlock born, but G—d knows where begot.
 No lustful Messalina to require,
 Whole Troops of Men to feed her brutal Fire,
 No Fam'ly Cares my Quiet to disturb,
 No headstrong Humours to assuage or curb,
 No jarring Servants, no domestic Strife,
 No Jilt, no Termagant, no faithless Wife,
 With Vinegar or Gall, to sow'r, or imbitter Life.

Thus freed from all that could my Mind annoy,
 Alone myself I did myself enjoy,

When

When Nature call'd I laid me down to rest,
 With a sound Body and a peaceful Breast,
 Hours of Repose with Constancy I kept,
 And guardian Angels watch'd me as I slept;
 In lively Dreams reviving as I lay,
 The Pleasures of the last preceding Day,
 Thus while I sing'ly liv'd I did possess,
 By Day and Night incessant Happiness,
 Content enjoy'd asleep, and waking found no less.

But the curs'd Fiends from Hell's dire Regions sent,
 Ranging the World to Man's Destruction bent,
 Who with an envious Pride beholding me,
 Advanc'd by Virtue to Felicity,
 Resolv'd his own eternal wretched State,
 Should be in Part reveng'd in my sad Fate,
 And so at once my happy Life betray,
 Flung Woman, faithless Woman in my Way,
 Beauty she had, a seeming modest Mein,
 All Charms without, but Devil all within,
 Which did not yet appear, but lurk'd alas! unseen.

A fair Complexion, far exceeding Paint,
 Black sleepy Eyes that would have charm'd a Saint,
 Her Lips so soft and sweet that every Kiss,
 Seem'd a short Taste of the eternal Bliss,

Here

Her Set of Teeth so regular and white,
 They'd shew a Lustre in the darkest Night,
 Round her seraphic Face so fair and young,
 Her sable Hair in careless Tresses hung,
 Which adding to her beauteous Features shew'd,
 Like some fair Angel peeping thro' a Cloud,
 Her Breasts and Hands had every Charm so bright,
 She seem'd a Sun by Day, a Moon by Night,
 Her Shape so ravishing that every Part,
 Proportion'd to the nicest Rules of Art,
 So awful was her Carriage when she mov'd,
 None could behold her, but he fear'd and lov'd,
 She danc'd well, sung well, finely play'd the Lute,
 Was always witty in her Words or mute;
 Obliging, not reserv'd, nor yet too free,
 But as a Maid divinely bless'd should be,
 Not vainly gay, but decent in Attire,
 She seem'd so good she could no more acquire,
 Of Heaven than what she had, and Man no more
 desire.

Fortune like God and Nature too was kind,
 And to these Gifts a copious Sum had join'd,
 Who could the Power of such Temptation shun,
 What frozen Cynick from her Charms could run?

What

What cloister'd Monk could see a Face so bright,
 But quit his Beads and follow Beauty's Light,
 And by its Lustre hope to shun eternal Night.

I so bewitch'd and poison'd with her Charms,
 Believ'd the utmost Heaven was her Arms,
 Methought the Goodness of her Eyes I see,
 Spoke her the Offspring of some Deity,
 Now Books and Walks would not Content afford,
 She was the only Good to be ador'd,
 In her fair Looks alone Delight I found,
 Love's raging Storms all other Joys had drown'd.

By Beauty's Ignis fatuus led astray,
 Bound for Content I lost my happy Way,
 Of Reason's faithful Pilot now bereft,
 Was among Rocks and Shelves in Danger left,
 There must have perish'd as I fondly thought,
 Unless kind Usage my Salvation wrought,
 Her happy Aid I labour'd to obtain,
 Hop'd for Success, yet fear'd her sad Disdain,
 Tortur'd like dying Convicts while I live,
 'Twixt Fear of Death and Hopes of a Reprieve,
 First for her smallest Favours did I sue,
 Crept, fawn'd and cring'd as Lovers us'd to do.

Sigh'd

Sigh'd e'er I spoke, and when I spoke look'd pale;
 In Words confus'd, disclos'd my mournful Tale;
 Unpractis'd in Amours, fine Speeches coin'd,
 But could not utter what I well design'd,
 Warm'd by her Charms, 'gainst Bashfulness I strove,
 And trembling sat and stammer'd out my Love,
 Told her how greatly I admir'd and fear'd,
 Which she 'twixt Coyness and Compassion, heard;
 Grudg'd no Expence of Money or of Time,
 And thought (that not to adore her) was a Crime,
 The more each Visit I acquainted grew,
 Yet ev'ry Time found something in her new,
 Who was above her Sex so fortunate,
 She had a Charm for Man in every State,
 For the young, Beauty, Prudence for the old,
 Scripture for Saints, and for the Misers Gold,
 Wit for the ingenious, Silence for the grave,
 Flattery for Fools, and Cunning for a Knave.

Compounded thus of such Varieties,
 She had a Knack to every Temper please,
 And as herself thought fit, was every one of these;
 I lov'd, I sigh'd and vow'd, talk'd, whin'd and pray'd,
 And at her Feet my panting Heart I laid,
 She smil'd, then frown'd, was now reserv'd, then free,
 And as she play'd her part, oft chang'd her Key.

F

Not

Not through fantastic Humour but Design,
 To try me throughly, e'er she should be mine,
 Because she wanted in one Man to have,
 A Husband, Lover, Cuckold and a Slave.

So Travellers before a Horse they buy,
 His Speed, his Spaces, and his Temper try,
 Whether he'll answer Whip and Spur, thence judge,
 If the poor Beast will prove a patient Drudge.
 While she by Wiles had heightned my Desire,
 And fann'd Love's Sparkles to a raging Fire,
 Made now for Wedlock, or for Bedlam fit,
 Thus Passion gain'd the upper Hand of Wit,
 The Dame by Pity or by Interest mov'd,
 Or else by Lust pretended now she lov'd,
 After long Sufferings her Consent I got,
 To make me Happy as I hop'd and thought,
 But oh! the wretched Hour I ty'd the Gordian Knot. }

Thus thro' Mistake I rashly plung'd my Life,
 Into the Gulph of Misery a Wife;
 With joyful Arms I thus embrac'd my Fate,
 Believ'd too soon, was undeceiv'd too late,
 So hare-brain'd Fools to Indian Climates rove,
 With a vain Hope their Fortunes to improve,
 There spend their slender Cargoes, then become,
 Worse Slaves abroad than e'er they were at home.

When

When a few Weeks were wasted I compar'd,
 With all due Moderation and Regard,
 My former Freedom with my new Restraint,
 Judging which State afforded most Content,
 But found a single Life as calm and gay,
 As the delightful Month of blooming May,
 Not chill'd with Cold, nor scorch'd with too much
 Heat,

Not plagu'd with flying Dust, nor drown'd with wet,
 But pleasing to the Eyes and to the Nostrils sweet.

But Wedlock like the blustering Month of March,
 That does the Bodies, Maims and Bruises search,
 Brings back cold nipping Storms, unwelcome Pains,
 And finds or breeds Distempers in the Veins,
 Renews old Sores and hastens on Decay,
 And seldom does afford one pleasant Day,
 But Clouds dissolve or raging Tempests blow,
 And untill Houses like the wrangling Shrew,
 Thus March and Marriage justly may be said,
 To be alike: then sure the Man is mad,
 That loves such changing Weather, where the best is
 bad.

Tho' I once happy in a single Life,
 Yet shipwreckt all upon that Rock a Wife.
 By Gold and Beauty's powerful Charms betray'd,
 To the dull Drudgery of the Marriage Bed,

That Paradise for Fools, a Sport for Boys,
Tiresome its Chains and brutal are its Joys.

Thou nauseous Priestcraft, that too soon appear'd,
Not as I hop'd, but worse than what I fear'd,
All her soft Charms which I believ'd divine,
Marriage I thought had only made her mine.
Vain Hope alas! I too early found,
My Brows were with the Thorn of Wedlock crown'd,
Jealousy first from Reason rais'd a Doubt,
And fatal Chance the unhappy Truth brought out,
Made it so plain from all Pretences freed,
That wicked Woman no Excuse could plead,
And if she wants Devise to hide her Shame,
Hell can no Umbrage for Adult'ry frame.

I thought it Prudence the Disgrace to hide,
Tho' rav'd and storm'd; she pardon begg'd, and cry'd,
Yet with false Protestations strove to charm,
The Cuckold to believe she'd done no Harm.
Tho' taken by surprise (I curs'd the Day,)
Where all the Marks of past Enjoyment lay,
And she disordered by her lustful Freaks,
Had Shame and Horrour struggling on her Cheeks,
Yet made Essays to clear her Innocence,
And hide her Guilt with Lies and Impudence,

For

For lustful Woman like a vicious State,
 Oft stifles Ills by others full as great,
 But I convine'd too plainly of her Guilt,
 All her false Oaths, and quick Inventions spoil,
 Which when she us'd in vain, she blush'd and cry'd,
 And own'd her Fault she found she could not hide.

This I forgave; she promis'd to reclaim,
 Vow'd future Truth if I'd conceal the Shame,
 But what strange Adamantine Chain can bind,
 Woman corrupted to be just or kind,
 Or how can Man to an Adult'ress shew,
 That Love, which to a faithful Wife is due?

I struggled hard and all my Passion check'd,
 And chang'd Revenge into a mild Respect,
 That good for ill return'd might touch her near,
 And Gratitude might bind her more than Fear,
 My former Love I every Day renew'd,
 And all the Signals of Oblivion shew'd;
 Wink'd at small Faults, wou'd not such Trifles mind,
 As accidental Failings not design'd,
 I all Things easier to her Temper made,
 Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid,
 She chose (and Rich it was) her own Attire,
 Nay had what a proud Woman could desire.

Thus

Thus the new Covenant I strictly kept,
 And oft in private for her Failings wept,
 Yet bore with seeming Cheerfulness those Tears,
 That bring a Man too soon to grissled Hairs,
 But all this Kindness I dispens'd in vain,
 Where Lust and base Ingratitude remain,
 Lust which if once in Female fancy fix'd,
 Burns like Saltpetre with dry Touch-wood mix'd,
 And tho' Fear for a Time may stop its force,
 'Twill soon like Fire confin'd break out the worse,
 Or like obstructed Tides, resume its Course.

No Art of Nature e'er could break the Rote,
 Or change the lecherous Nature of the Goat,
 No skilful Whittster ever found the slight,
 To wash or bleach an Ethiopian white,
 No gentle Usage truly can assuage,
 A Tyger's Fierceness or a Lyon's Rage,
 Stripes and severe Correction is the Way,
 When once they're truly conquer'd : they'll obey.

'Tis Whip and Spur commanding Rein and Bit,
 That makes th' unruly headstrong Horse submit,
 So stubborn faithless Woman must be us'd,
 Or by a Woman you'll be basely us'd.

For

For after all th' Endearment I could show,
 At length she turn'd both Libertine and Shrew,
 From my Submission grew perverse and proud,
 Crabbed as Verjuice and as Thunder loud,
 Did what she pleas'd; would no Obedience own,
 And ridicul'd the Patience I had shewn,
 Fear'd no sharp Threatnings, valu'd no Disgrace,
 But flung the Wrong she had done me in my Face,
 Grew still more headstrong, turbulent and rude,
 Filling my Mansion with a spurious Brood,

Thus brutal Lust her human Reason drown'd,

Advice, Reproof, Prayers and Tears were flung away,
 For still she grew more wicked every Day,
 Till by her Equals scorn'd, my Servants fed,
 The brutal Rage of her adulterous Bed.
 Nay in my absence truckl'd to my Groom,
 And hugg'd the servile Traytor in my Room,

When these strange Tydings thunderstruck my Ear,
 And such inhuman Wrongs were made appear,
 On these just Grounds for a Divorce I su'd
 At last the headstrong Tyrant Wife subdu'd,
 Cancell'd the Marriage Bond, and bastardiz'd the
 Brood.

Woman,

Woman, the worst of all Church-plagues, farewell,
 Bad at the best, but at the worst a Hell;
 Thou Truss of Wormwood, bitter Teaze of Life,
 The Misery of human Cares, a Wife!
 Thou Apple-eating Traytoress, who first began,
 The Wrath of Heaven and Miseries of Man,
 And hast with never failing Diligence,
 Improv'd the Curse to human Race e'er since.

Farewell Church-jugler, that ensnar'd my Life,
 But bless that Power that rid me of my Wife,
 And now the Law has set me free,
 If Woman can again prevail with me,
 My Flesh and Bones shall make my wedding Feast,
 And none shall be invited as my Guest,
 To attend my Bride, but the D——l and a P——ft.

AN

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A N

O D E

T O T H E

Honourable *H^{on}y Fox.*

O N T H E

M A R R I A G E

O F T H E

Du^{*ch*}s of *M^{anchester}* to *H^{ussey}*, Esq;

By the late Sir C. H. *Williams*

{G5W20G5W20G5W20XG5W20G5W20G5W20}

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS FIRST INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT

OF THE

HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF LONDON

BY JOHN WALLIS

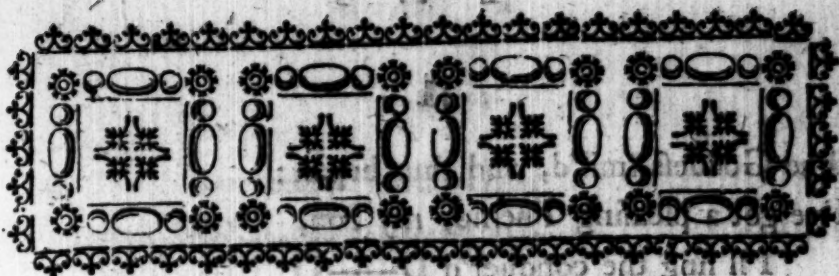
M A R I A G E

OF THE

DEATH OF MARY II TO HER HUSBAND

By the late Sir C. H. W.

THE HISTORY OF THE



An O D E

TO THE

Honourable *H—y F—x, &c.*

IN



L I O, behold this charming Day,

The Zephyrs blow, the Sun looks gay,

The Sky one perfect Blue;

Can you refuse at such a Time,

When *F-x* and I both beg for Rhyme,

To sing us something new?

II.

The Goddess, smil'd, and thus began :

I've got a pleasing Theme, my Son,

I'll sing the conquer'd D——s ?

I'll sing of that disdainful Fair,

Who, scap'd from *Scotch* and *English* Snare;

Is fast in *Irish* Clutches.

III.

Sunk is her Pow'r, her Sway is o'er,

She'll be no more ador'd, no more

Shine forth the publick Care :

Oh ! what a Falling-off is here,

From her whose Frowns made Wisdom fear,

Whose Scorn begot Despair !

IV.

Wide was th' Extent of her Commands,

O'er fertile Fields, o'er barren Lands

She stretch'd her haughty Reign :

The Coxcomb, Fool, and Man of Sense,

Youth, Manhood, Age, and Impotence

With Pride receiv'd her Chain.



V. Here

V. IV

Here *L--c--t-r* offer'd brutal Love,
 Here gentle *C--b-r-y* gently strove
 With Sighs to fan Desire;
 Here *C--h--l* snor'd his Hours away,
 Here drowsy *S--n--p* every Day
 Sat out her Gr--'s Fire.

VI.

Here constant *B--t--in* too we saw,
 Kneeling with reverential Awe,
 T' adore his high-flown Choice;
 Where you, my *F--x*, have sigh'd whole Days,
 Forgetting Kings and Peoples Praise,
 Deaf to Ambition's Voice. —

VII.

What Cloaths you made! how fine you dress!
 What *Dresden* China for her Feast!
 But I'll no longer tease you!
 Yet 'tis a Truth you can't deny,
 Tho' Lady *C--r--l--e* is nigh,
 And does not look quite easy.

* *Churches*.
 * *Archbishop*.

VIII. But

VIII.

But careful Heaven design'd her Grace
 For one of the *Milesian* Race,
 On stronger Parts depending;
 Nature indeed denies them Sense,
 But gives them Legs and Impudence
 That beats all Understanding.

IX.

Which to accomplish, *H--ff--y* came,
 Op'ning before the noble Dame
 His honourable Trenches;
 Nor of Rebukes or Frowns afraid,
 He push'd his Way (he knew his Trade,)
 And won the Place by Inches.

X.

Look down, *St. Patrick*, with Success,
 Like *H--f--ys* all the *Irish* bless,
 May they all do as he does;
 And still preserve their Breed the same,
 Cast in his Mould, made in his Frame,
 To comfort *English* Widows.

ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ:Λ5ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ5

E L O I S A

TO

A B E L A R D.

ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ:Λ5ctΛ5ctΛ5ctΛ5

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

FILED

TO

ABERDARE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

THE
UNFORTUNATE LOVERS;

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Two of the most remarkable Persons of their Time,
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One Written by Mr. *POPE*.

The other, in Answer to it

By *LADY M——*.

With a PREFACE, giving a short Account of their
personal Characters, &c.

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Fair *ROSAMOND* to K. *HENRY II*.

Omnia vincit Amor.

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FOR THE YEAR 1851

NEW YORK

L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed and Sold at the University Press, Cambridge



To the R E A D E R S.

TH^O the history of those two celebrated lovers are well known in the world, yet I conceive it will not be amiss to give you a short sketch of their personal characters, &c. They were both natives of *France*, and were reckon'd two of the most distinguish'd persons of their time, for learning, wit and genius, and whose letters, 'tis allow'd by the best judges, were written with the greatest passion of any yet extant, every where full of the sentiments of the heart, not to be imitated in feigned story. *Abelard*, beside his common merits as a scholar, had all the accomplishments of a fine gentleman, with a graceful presence, solid judgment, and a greatness of mind. His conversation was sweet, complaisant and easy; it seem'd as if nature had design'd him for a more elevated employment than that of teaching the sciences, in which too he was reputed the greatest proficient of his time, being then about twenty-eight years of age. But yet he was not without human frailties, and all his philosophy could not defend him against the attacks of love. *Elouisa*, into whose company he was introduced by her uncle, under the denomination of a tutor, was a very engaging woman; her person well proportioned, her features regular, her eyes sparkling, and her aspect sweet and agreeable, with a surprising quickness of wit, joined with a tolerable share of learning. Beside those accomplishments, there was something so sweet and moving in her behaviour, 'twas

impossible for any one who kept her company, not to be in love with her.

'Tis not hard to imagine, but the so frequent conversation of those two delicate persons, soon rais'd in their breasts a desire for something more pleasing than the bare enquiry after learning. Too true——Their time was now more taken up in affairs of love, than in that of study, and they much oftener indulged their mutual passions in soft caresses, than in lectures of philosophy. This they enjoyed for several months with the greatest endearment. But their fond caresses at length produced something which could no longer be conceal'd, and her uncle perceiv'd the snake in the grass. *Abelard* offered honourably to marry her, but she for some time urged reasons to the contrary. Yet, tho' they were at last privately married, this did not appease her uncle's rage, who, quickly after, by the assistance of two assassins, poured out all his revenge upon *Abelard*, depriving him of the means * of carrying on their unhappy passion.

* His Manhood.





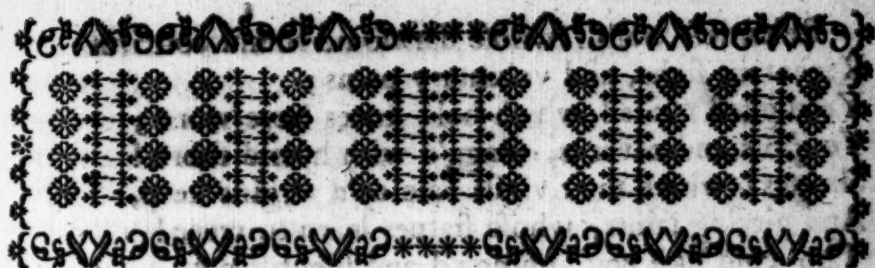
The ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flourish'd in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. 'Twas many years after this separation, that a letter of ABELARD's to a friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of ELOISA. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters, out of which the following is partly extracted, which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1830

A
BRIEF HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1830
BY
JAMES C. HARRIS
OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LEECH, 1830



E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

I N these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last re-
treat?

Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloisa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost *Eloisa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates what her hand obeys.

B

Relentless

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains ;
 Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
 Ye grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe :
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and eccho sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they ?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r ;
 No happier task these fading eyes pursue ;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
 Ah, more than share it ! give me all thy grief.
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths * divine came mended from that tongue,
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all,
Not *Cæsar's* empress wou'd I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!

B 2

Oh

* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

Oh happy state ! when souls each-other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law :
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast :
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
 Where, where was *Eloise* ? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian stay ! that bloody stroke restrain,
 The crime-was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
 Give all thou canst——and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes.
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You * rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Providence was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores,
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that eccho to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,

Black

* He founded the Monastery.

Black melancholy fits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Affist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;

I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,

Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,

Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,

'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,

And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

How the dear object from the crime remove,

Or how distinguish penitence from love!

Unequal task! a passion to resign,

For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.

E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,

How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,

Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget,

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,

Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inspir'd!

Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself——and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone, can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Graces shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins *Hymenæals* sing ;
For her th' unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes :
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
For other raptures, of unholy joy :
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake :——no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ! it hears not what I say ;
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !

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8 ELOISA to ABELARD.

Alas, no more! — methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps,
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard*! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet *Eloisa* loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my view,
The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Mattin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye;

While

While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies:
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Rise *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! oh virtue, heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad *Eloisa* spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than ecchoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
' Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
' Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
' Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
' Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
' But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
' Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
' Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
' For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;
 Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no——in sacred vestment may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand;
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloisa* see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;
 And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
 O death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May † one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings,
 To *Paraclete*'s white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds;

Then.

† *Abelard* and *Eloisa* were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the *Paraclete*: He died in the year 1142, she in 1164.

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !"
 From the full choir when loud *Hosanna's* file,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell :
 The well sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most :

Bless, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide lost away,
 In health of body, peace of mind.

Sound sleep by night ; sweet rest by day,
 Together mix'd, sweetest of all,
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unknown, unknowing,
 Thus unattended let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.



ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose with and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

P O E M.

By ~~LADY M. M. W. LADISON~~

1728

In ANSWER to that wrote by

Mr. P O P E.

I N my dark cell, low, prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance
found;

Too soon my soul the well-known name
confest;

My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast:

Thro' my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,

And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

O *Eloisa*! art thou still the same?

Dost thou still nourish that destructive flame?

Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n,

From thy soft soul that fatal passion driv'n?

Alas! I thought you disengag'd, and free;

And can you still, still sigh and weep for me?

What

What pow'ful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
 Can save me from a love and faith, like thine?
 Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
 Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
 When my dread vows in vain their force oppose,
 Oppos'd to love—alas! how vain are vows!
 In fruitless penitence I wear away
 Each tedious night, and sad revolving day:
 I fast, I pray; and with deceitful art,
 Veil thy dear image in my broken heart:
 My tortur'd soul conflicting passions move,
 I hope, despair, repent——yet still I love.
 A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
 For thou, not God, O *Elois'* art there.
 To the false world's deluding pleasure dead,
 Nor longer by its wand'ring fires misled,
 In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I refuse,
 And give the counsel I want power to use:
 The rigid maxims of the grave and wise,
 Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes;
 Each rosy feature of this once lov'd face,
 By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
 O *Eloisa*! should the fates once more,
 Indulgent to my views, thy charms restore!
 How, from my arms, wouldst thou with horror start,
 To miss the form familiar to thy heart!
 Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
 To speak me *Abelard*——but love to thee.
 Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
 (The due attendants of forlorn despair)
 Here *Abelard* the young, the gay, remov'd,
 And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd:
 Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions spread,
 The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
 Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
 And torn from all my soul held dear in thee.
 Ambition's with its train of frailties gone,
 All love, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
 My *Eloisa* riseth to my sight;
 Veil'd, as in *Paraclete's* secluded towers,
 The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours,
 I hear the sighs, see the sweet falling tears,
 Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
 O vows, O convent, your stern force impart,
 And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
 Let others sighs a worthier sorrow show;
 Let other tears, for sin, repentance flow:
 Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
 And humble to the dust my heaving soul.
 Forgiving pow'r! thy gracious call I meet,
 Who first impow'r'd this rebel heart to beat;
 Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
 For noble ends infus'd life's active flame:
 O change the temper of this labouring breast,
 And form anew each beating pulse to rest;
 Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
 The fatal traces of destructive love:
 Destructive love, from its warm mansion tear,
 And leave no tracts of *Eloisa* there.
 Are these the wishes of my inmost soul?
 Would I its softest tenderest sense controul?
 Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine,
 To the cold substance of that marble shrine;
 Transform'd like these pale swarms that round me move
 Of blest insensibles—that know not love?
 Ah! rather let me keep this hapless frame;
 Adieu, false honour's unavailing fame:
 Not your harsh rules, but tenderest love supplies
 The streams that gush from my despairing eyes;
 I feel the traitor melt about my heart,
 And thro' my veins a treach'rous influence dart;
 Inspire me, heav'n, assist me grace divine,
 Aid me you saints, unknown to crimes like mine;
 You who on earth severe, all grief could prove,
 All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love:

A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
 Nor can you pity what you never felt.
 The hand that heals must feel what I endure,
 A sympathizing grief alone can cure:
 Thou *Elois'* alone must give me ease,
 And bid my struggling soul subside to peace;
 Restore me to my long-lost heav'n of rest,
 And take thyself from my reluctant breast.
 If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
 That blest allay thy wond'rous charms must give:
 Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
 Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
 I saw thee as the new-born blossoms fair,
 Sprightly as light, more soft than summers air;
 Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
 While on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose:
 Wit, youth, and love, in each bright feature shone,
 Press'd by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone.
 There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whose vig'rous flame
 Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame;
 Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
 Dull and insensible to all but love;
 Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
 Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you.
 A train of woes succeed, nor should we mourn
 The hour which cannot, ought not to return.
 As once to love I sway'd your yielding mind,
 Too fond, alas!—too fatally inclin'd;
 If not to heav'n you feel your bosom rise,
 Nor tears refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes;
 If still your heart its wonted passions move,
 If still (to speak all pains in one) you love,
 Deaf to the weak essays of human breath,
 Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
 When that kind pow'r this captive soul shall free
 (Which only then can cease to doat on thee)
 When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
 The *Paraclete* my peaceful urn shall keep,

Then *Eloisa*, then your lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer doat on you;
From their dead orbs the tender utt'rance flown,
Which first to thine my heart's soft tale made known;
This breast no more (at length to ease consign'd)
Pants like the waving aspin in the wind;
See all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And then (amazing change!) belov'd no more.
Behold the distant end of human love;
But let the fight your zeal alone improve:
Let not your conscious soul, to sorrow mov'd,
Recall how much, how tenderly I lov'd;
With pious care your fruitless grief restrain;
Nor let a tear your sacred veil prophane;
Nor ev'n a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let your breast with unborn passions glow;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys make known.
To virtue now let me your heart inspire,
And fan with zeal divine the heav'nly fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid your soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example might impart
This noble warmth to your soft trembling heart;
That mine with pious undissembling care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there.
Alas I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a heart oppress'd with grief like mine.
Too sure I feel, while I the torture prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black despair my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has sharper pangs than guilt.
Yet—yet, my *Elois'* thy charms I view,
But yet my sighs, my tears pour forth for you;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
I sigh, weep, love, despair—and all in vain.
Haste, *Eloisa*, haste, your lover free,
Amid your warmer pray'rs, O think on me;

Wing with your rising zeal, my grov'ling mind,
 And let me mine with your repentance find:
 O labour, strive your love, yourself controul,
 The change will sure affect my kindred Soul;
 In blest content our purer sighs shall breathe,
 And heav'n shall all our other crimes forgive.
 But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
 Faintly th' unhappy combat you sustain,
 Let heav'n relenting strike your ravish'd view,
 And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew;
 So with your crimes, shall your misfortunes cease,
 And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.



And bid your soul
 O that my own
 This noble warmth
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 Too late I feel, while the tortures prove
 Of feeble piety, conflicting love.
 On black despair my fond devotion dreads
 Absence, to me, has sharper pangs than guilt.
 Yet—yet, my Eliza, my charms I view;
 But yet my sighs, my tears pour forth for you;
 Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain;
 Alas, weep, love, despair—and all in vain.
 Haste, Eliza, haste, your lover sees;
 Amid your warmer prayers, O think on me;

A Diffuasive from MARRIAGE.

To CHLOE.

MAY all be hush'd, each ruder passion cease,
Within my *Chloe's* breast may all be peace;
May the fair nymph my am'rous lines approve,
And say, with me, wedlock's the bane of love.
Marriage but palls our joys, creating strife,
And anxious cares, and all the woes of life;
A trick invented by some rigid priest,
To plague our lives, and cheat us of our rest.

O may my *Chloe* love, and love for life;
Yet never be that hated thing, a wife:
So shall my charmer still fresh bliss impart,
Kindle new flames, and still possess my heart.
While o'er thy snowy breast I panting lye,
In melting transport, and dissolving joy;
With heat and vigour I embrace my fair,
And in extatic raptures breathe my dear.

Form'd for my bliss, urge not to give me pain,
Nor gall thy lover with the marriage chain.
The wretch of *Hymen* fond, must undergo,
For one sweet moon, successive years of woe;
To him the choicest joys insipid prove,
And duty is the drudgery of love.

Observe the wedded state, each fetter'd pair,
Their joys recount, and miseries compare:
Was ever man so loving to his wife,
But wish'd the fates to cut her thread of life?
Was ever woman to her lord so kind,
That has not pray'd to see him safe enshrin'd?
They often death invoke to set 'em free,
So fond are *Adam's* race of liberty.

The sweets of love, which we by stealth possess,
Impart fierce raptures, and transcendent bliss;
Such sweets in *Chloe's* arms I oft have known;
Then why will *Chloe* beg to be undone?

The court and cottage both this truth will prove,
Wedlock is no security for love.

My lord but marries to keep up his name;
My lady burns with an unlawful flame:
My lord for change, to publick stews repairs;
His lordship's coachman gets his lordship heirs.

But marriage is an honourable state;
And heav'n to every husband sends a mate.
So pedant gown-men teach, yet even they,
In love's delightful maze are prone to stray:
Each in his flock will hug the willing dame,
And ev'ry parish feels the sacred flame.
An holy church *Celibacy* reveres,
Her priests renounce the matrimonial cares;
The sacred tribe aver that ill, a wife,
Is inconsistent with religious life;
And yet they all the force of love declare,
And ev'ry *Girard* has his saint *Cadiere*;
Where-ever priests have pray'd, love takes his rout,
And *Popes* have tasted the forbidden fruit;
With trembling knees unto his altar come,
His grace of ***** and holiness of *Rome*.
Who has not heard of *ELOISA's* name,
What nymph but pities *AB'LARD's* grief and shame.
The chafteft wife, who reads the story o'er,
As told by *Pope*, will *ABELARD* deplore:
She'll curse the barb'rous hand that durst destroy
The holy root of *ELOISA's* joy.

Does *Chloe* think I shall more constant prove,
If ty'd in *Wedlock*, and more truly love?
My love's so great no language can express,
I cannot love her more, I will not love her less:
And that my passion may remain for life,
I'll call her still *my dear*, but ne'er *my wife*.

A LETTER * from FAIR ROSAMOND,
while in *Woodstock-Bower*, to King HEN-
RY II.

READ o'er these lines, the records of my shame,
If thou can'st suffer yet my hateful name;
Clean as this spotless page, 'till stain'd by me,
Such was my conscience, 'till seduc'd by thee:
Chaste were my thoughts, and all serene within,
'Till mark'd by thee with characters of sin.
Had some successful lover, in the prime
Of equal years, betray'd me to a crime,
Resistless love had been my best defence,
And gain'd compassion for the soft offence:
But while thy wither'd age had no such charms,
To tempt a blooming virgin to thy arms,
I'm justly thought a prostitute for gold,
A mercenary thing, to sordid int'rest sold.

Be curs'd that female fiend, whose practis'd art,
With wanton tales seduc'd my guiltless heart:

Let

* The letter from which this is extracted, was wrote by *Fair Rosamond* in *Woodstock-bower*, to King *Henry*, while he was pursuing the wars in *Italy*. She discovers all the terrors of a troubled mind, and, conscious of her own guilt, imagined she saw the angry queen in a vision, with a bowl of poison in her hand, which soon after too fatally happened; for before the king's return, the queen found means, either by bribing the keeper of the bower, or by treacherously murdering him, to get the clew of thread which guided to *Rosamond's* apartment in the midst of the bower, where she executed her revengeful design, either by poison or with a dagger, 'tis not certainly

Let her with endless infamy be curs'd ;
 Of all the agents hell employs, the worst :
 Perdition to herself the wretch insur'd,
 When she my youthful modesty allur'd :
 Oh, fatal day ! when to my virtue's wrong,
 I fondly listen'd to her flatt'ring tongue !
 But, oh ! more fatal moment, when she gain'd
 That vile consent which all my virtue stain'd !
 Yet heav'n can tell, with what extreme regret
 The fury of thy lawless flames I met ;
 For, unexperienc'd in the ways of sin,
 A conscious honour struggled still within.
 Oh, could I ! but the ill-tim'd wish is vain,
 Could I my former innocence regain,
 Thy proffer'd kingdom, *Henry*, were a prize,
 Which, balanc'd with that wealth, I should despise.
 But I no more my sex's pride can boast :
 Alas ! what has one moment's madness cost !
 Not *Woodstock's* charming bow'rs can ease my grief ;
 For I must fly myself to find relief :
 Oft, while the sun in length'ning shades declines,
 And thro' the waving trees more mildly shines,
 Alone thro' all the beauteous walks I rove,
 And hope the sweets of solitude to prove :
 But at my sight, each verdant prospect wears
 A gloomy view, and ev'ry plant appears
 To bend its tops, o'ercharg'd with dewy tears ;
 Methinks each painted blossom hangs its head,
 Avoids my touch, and withers where I tread.
 If angling near a chrystal brook I stand,
 And with deluding skill the bait command ;
 The cautious fish that fly the snare, upbraid
 My heedless youth, more easily betray'd.
 Amidst the garden, wrought by curious hands,
 A noble statue of *Diana* stands ;
 Naked she stands, with just proportions grac'd,
 And bathing in a silver fountain plac'd :

When near the flow'ry borders I advance,
 At me she seems to dart an angry glance:
 What scenes, alas, can please a guilty mind!
 What joy can I in these recesses find,
 For lawless and forbidden love design'd!
 In some obscure and melancholy cell,
 Rather a weeping penitent I'd dwell,
 Than here a glorious prostitute remain,
 To all my sex's modesty a stain.

This stately lab'rinth, rais'd with vast expence,
 Displays my shame, in its magnificence:
 As through the stately rooms I lately walk'd,
 And with my woman of its paintings talk'd,
 She spy'd the draught of *Tarquin's* wanton flame,
 And, heedless, ask'd the injur'd beauty's name:
 This (I reply'd) is that illustrious dame——
 Renown'd for chastity, I should have said;
 But here, a rising blush my face o'erspread;
 Confus'd, I stopp'd, and left th' inquiring maid:
Lucretia's story on my life had cast
 A black reproach, who yet can live disgrac'd:
 I should, like her, with just resentment prest,
 Have plung'd the fatal dagger to my breast.

What specious colours can disguise my sin,
 Or still the restless monitor within?
 Thy greatness, *Henry*, but augments my shame,
 And adds immortal scandal to my name;
 My odious name, which, as the worst disgrace,
 The *Cliffords* cancel from their noble race!

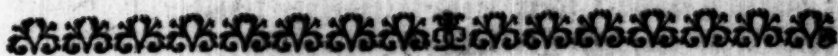
To what propitious refuge shall I run,
 The terrors of a guilty mind to shun?
 In vain the sun its morning pride displays;
 I turn my eyes, and sicken at its rays:
 The silver moon, and sparkling stars by night,
 Torment me too with their officious light:
 The glimmering tapers round my chambers plac'd,
 Across the room fantastick shadows cast;

Of all my dreams, the melancholy scene
Presents an injur'd, a revengeful queen.

Last night, when sleep my heavy eyes had clos'd,
To all her rage, methought, I stood expos'd!
Wild were her looks, a poison'd cup she brought!
And proudly offer'd me the fatal draught.
The destin'd bowl I took with trembling hands,
Compell'd to execute her fierce commands:
This dismal omen aggravates my fears,
Before my fancy still the furious queen appears.

F I N I S.

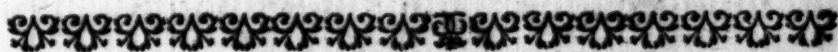




A B E L A R D

T O

E L O I S A.



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A. B. E. L. A. R. D.

TO

E. L. O. I. S. A.

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A B E L A R D

T O

E L O I S A.

By Mr. Cawthorne



H, why this boding Start, this sudden Pain,
That wings my Pulse, and shoots from
Vein to Vein?

What mean, regardless of yon' midnight
Bell,

The earth-born Visions sad'ning o'er my Cell?
What strange Disorder prompts these Thoughts to
glow?

These sighs to murmur; and these Tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's Form restor'd,
Once a pure Saint, and more than Saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing Charms confess'd,
Glares thro' the Gloom, and pours upon my Breast.

H

Bids

Bids Heaven's bright Gguard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to Misery and Love.

Enjoy thy Triumphs, dear Delusion! see
This sad Apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy Call my guilty Warmths return,
Flame thro' my Blood, and steal me from my Urn:
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one Effort try,
E'er the last ling'ring Spark of Virtue die;
The deadly, charming Sorceress' controul,
And spite of Nature tear her from my Soul.

Long has that Soul in these unsocial Woods,
Where Anguish muses, and where Horror broods,
From Love's wild visionary Wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy Beauties in the Shade,
Faith drop'd a Smile, Devotion lent her Fire,
Woke the keen Pang, and sanctify'd Desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest Abode,
And taught my Heart to glow with all its God.
But oh! how weak fair Faith and Virtue prove!
When Eloisa melts away in Love!
When her fond Soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No Joy forgotten, and no Wish conceal'd,
Flows through her Pen as infant Softness free,
And fiercely springs in Ecstasies to me,

Ye Heaven's ! as walking in yon' sacred Fane
 With every Seraph warm in ev'ry Vein,
 Just as Remorse had rous'd an aking Sigh,
 And my torn Soul hung trembling in my Eye,
 In that kind Hour thy fatal Letter came,
 I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the Name ;
 The conscious Lamps at once forgot to shine,
 Prophetic Tremors shook the hallow'd Shrine ;
 Priests, Censers, Altars from thy Genius fled,
 And Heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear, smiling Mischief ! Art thou still the same,
 The still pale Victim of too soft a Flame ?
 Warm, as when first with more than mortal Shine
 Each melting Eye-ball mix'd thy Soul with mine ?
 Have not thy Tears for ever taught to flow,
 The Glooms of Absence, and the Pangs of Woe,
 The Pomp of Sacrifice, the whisper'd Tale,
 The dreadful Vow yet hov'ring o'er thy Veil,
 Drove this bewitching Fondness from thy Breast ?
 Curb'd the loose Wish ? and form'd each Pulse to rest ?
 And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant Knee
 To Love's dead Shrine ? and weep and sigh for me ?
 Then take me, take me, lock me in thy Arms,
 Spring to my Lips, and give me all thy Charms :
 No, fly me, fly me, spread the impatient Sail,
 Steal the Lark's Wings, and mount the swiftest Gale ;

Skim the last Ocean, freeze beneath the Pole ;
 Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy Soul ;
 Fly, fly, for Justice bears the Arm of God ;
 And the grasp'd Vengeance only waits his Nod.

Are these my Wishes ; can they thus aspire,
 Does Phrensy form them, or does Grace inspire ?
 Can Abelard, in Hurricanes of Zeal,
 Betray his Heart and teach thee not to feel ?
 Teach thy enamour'd Spirit to disown
 Each human Warmth, and chill thee into Stone ?
 Ah, rather let my tend'rest Accents move
 The last wild Tumults of unholy Love !
 On that dear Bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my Soul, and in fierce Raptures die,
 Rouse all my Passions, act my Joys anew,
 Farewell, ye Cells ! ye martyr'd Saints ! adieu :
 Sleep Conscience, sleep, each awful Thought be drown'd,
 And seven fold Darknes veil the Scene around.
 What means this Pause ? this agonizing Start ?
 This Glimpse of Heaven rushing thro' my Heart ?
 Methinks I see a radiant Cross display'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the Shade ;
 Around th' expiring God bright Angels fly,
 Swell the loud Hymn, and open all the Sky :
 O save me, save me e're the Thunders roll,
 And Hell's black Caverns swallow up my Soul.

Return,

Return, ye Hours! when guiltless of a Stain,
 My strong plum'd Genius throb'd in ev'ry Vein,
 When warm'd with all th' Ægyptian Fanes inspir'd,
 All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
 My Merit in its full Meridian shone,
 Each Rival blushing, and each Heart my own.
 Return, ye Scenes! ah no, from Fancy fly,
 On Time's stretch'd Wing 'till each Idea die,
 Eternal Fly, since all that Learning gave
 Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
 To Love's soft Empire ev'ry Wish betray'd,
 And left my Laurel's with'ring in the Shade.
 Let me forget, that while deceitful Fame
 Grasp'd her shrill Trump, and fill'd it with my Name,
 Thy stronger Charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
 Each Saint, each blest insensible to love.
 At once my Soul from bright Ambition won,
 I hugg'd the Dart, I wish'd to be undone,
 No more pale Science durst my Thoughts engage.
 Insipid Dulness hung on ev'ry Page;
 The midnight Lamp no more enjoy'd its Blaze,
 No more my Spirit flew from maze to maze:
 Thy Glances bade Philosophy resign
 Her Throne to thee, and ev'ry Sense was thine.

But

But what could all the Frosts of Wisdom do,
 Oppos'd to Beauty, when it melts in you ?
 Since these dark, cheerless, solitary Caves,
 Death breathing Woods, and daily-op'ning Graves,
 Mis-shapen Rocks, wild Images of Woe,
 For ever howling to the Deeps below ;
 Ungenial Deserts, where no vernal Show'r
 Wakes the green Herb, or paints th'unfolding Flow'r ;
 Th'imbrowning Glooms these holy Mansions shed,
 The nigh-born Horrors brooding o'er my Bed,
 The dismal Scenes black Melancholy pours
 O'er the sad Visions of enanguish'd Hours ;
 Lean Abstinence, wan Grief, low-thoughted Care,
 Distracting Guilt, and Hell's worst Fiend, despair,
 Conspire, in vain, with all the Aids of Art,
 To blot thy dear Idea from my Heart.

Delusive, fightless God of warm Desire !
 Why wou'd'st thou wish to set a Wretch on Fire ?
 Why lives thy soft Divinity where Woe
 Heaves the pale Sigh, and Anguish loves to glow ?
 Fly to the Mead, the daisy painted Vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melts along the Gale ;
 Fly where gay Scenes luxurious Youths employ,
 Where every Moment steals the Wing of Joy ;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy Throne,
 Devoted Slaves, and Victims, all thy own :

Each

Each village Swain the turf-built Shrine shall raise.
And Kings command whole Hecatombs to blaze.

O Memory ! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting Hour, and teach the *past* to live;
Witness what Conflicts this frail Bosom tore !
What Griefs I suffer'd ! and what Pangs I bore !
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
An Heart that panted to be still a Slave !
When Youth, Warmth, Rapture, Spirit, Love, and
Flame,
Seiz'd ev'ry Sense, and burnt through all my Frame ;
From Youth, Warmth, Rapture, to these Wilds I fled,
My Food the Herbage, and the Rock my Bed.
There, while these venerable Cloysters rise
O'er the bleak Surge, and gain upon the Skies,
My wounded Soul indulg'd the Tear to flow
O'er all her sad Vicissitudes of Woe ;
Profuse of Life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my Heart, and Horror in my Eye,
With ceaseless Prayers, the whole Artill'ry given
To win the Mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each Hill made vocal, eccho'd all around,
While my torn Breast knock'd bleeding on the Ground.
Yet, yet, alas ! tho' all my Moments fly,
Stain'd by a Tear, and darken'd in a Sigh ;

Tho'

Tho' meagre Fasts have on my Cheek display'd
 The Dusk of Death, and sunk me to a Shade,
 Spite of myself, the still impois'ning Dart
 Shoots through my Blood, and drinks up all my Heart;
 My Vows and Wishes wildly disagree,
 And Grace itself mistakes my God and thee.
 Athwart the Glooms, that wrapt the midnight Sky,
 My *Eloisa* steals upon my Eye;
 For ever raises in the solar Ray
 A Phantom brighter than the Blaze of Day:
 Where e'er I go, the visionary Guest
 Pants on my Lip, or sinks upon my Breast;
 Unfolds her Sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my Heart in Luxury of Joy;
 While loud Hosannas shake the Shrines around,
 I hear her softer Accents in the Sound;
 Her idol Beauties on each Altar glare,
 And injur'd Heaven has but half my Pray'r:
 No Tears can drive her hence, no Pangs controul,
 For ev'ry Object brings her to my Soul.

Last Night, reclining on yon' airy Steep,
 My busy Eyes hung brooding o'er the Deep:
 The breathless Whirlwings slept in ev'ry Cave,
 And the soft Moon-beam danc'd from Wave to Wave;
 Each former Bliss in this bright Mirror seen,
 With all my Glories dawn'd upon the Scene,

Recall'd the dear, auspicious Hour, anew,
 When my fond Soul to *Eloisa* flew :
 When, with keen speechless Ecstasies oppress'd,
 Thy frantic Lover snatch'd thee to his Breast,
 Gaz'd on thy Blushes arm'd with ev'ry Grace,
 And saw the Goddess beaming in thy Face ;
 Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent, Wishes move
 Each Pulse to Rapture, and each Glance to Love.
 But lo ! the Winds descend, the Billows roar,
 Foam to the Clouds, and burst upon the Shore,
 Vast Peals of Thunder o'er the Ocean roll,
 The flame-wing'd Light'ning gleams from Pole to Pole.
 At once the pleasing Images withdrew,
 And more than Horrors crowded on my View ;
 Thy Uncle's Form, in all his Ire array'd,
 Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the Shade,
 Pierc'd by his Sword, I sunk upon the Ground,
 The Spectre ghastly smil'd upon the Wound,
 A Group of black Infernals round me hung,
 And tofs'd my Infamy from Tongue to Tongue.

Detested Wretch ! how impotent thy Age !
 How weak thy Malice ; and how kind thy Rage !
 Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art ,
 Thy murd'ring Hand has left me all my Heart ;
 Left me each tender, fond Affection, warm,
 A Nerve to tremble, and an Eye to charm.

No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull Barbarity to kill;
 My Death had robb'd lost Vengeance of her Toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a Smile;
 Sublimar Furies taught thy Soul to glow,
 With all their savage Mysteries of Woe;
 Taught thy unfeeling Poniard to destroy
 The Pow'rs of Nature, and the Source of Joy;
 To stretch me on the Rocks of vain Desire,
 Each Passion throbbing, and each Wish on Fire;
 Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
 Fiends in my Veins, and Hell within my Breast.

Aid me, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
 Ye Martyrs! bless me, and ye Saints! refine,
 Ye sacred Groves! ye Heav'n-devoted Walls!
 Where Folly sickens, and where Virtue calls;
 Ye Vows? ye Altars! from this Bosom tear
 Voluptuous Love, and leave no Anguish there:
 Oblivion! be thy blackest Plume display'd
 O'er all my Griefs, and hide me in the Shade;
 And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
 While awful Reason whispers in the Friend;
 Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a Name?
 Can dull, cold Friendship, own so wild a Flame?
 No; let thy Lover, whose enkindling Eye
 Shot all his Soul between thee and the Sky,

Whose

Whose Warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd Song
 Call'd thy rapt Ear to die upon his Tongue,
 Now strongly rouze, while Heaven his Zeal inspires,
 Diviner Transports, and more holy Fires:
 Calm all my Passions, all thy Peace restore,
 And teach that snowy Breast to heave no more.

Torn from the World, within dark Cells immur'd,
 By Angels guarded, and by Vows secur'd,
 To all that once awoke thy Fondness, dead,
 And Hope, pale Sorrow's last sad Refuge, fled;
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt, in vain,
 Brood o'er false Joys, and hung th' ideal Chain?
 Say, canst thou wish, that madly wild to fly
 From yon' bright Portal op'ning in the Sky,
 Thy Abelard shou'd bid his God Adieu,
 Pant at thy Feet, and taste thy Charms anew?
 Ye Heav'n's! if, to this tender Bosom woo'd,
 Thy meer Idea harrows up my Blood;
 If one faint Glimpse of Eloise can move
 The fiercest, wildest Agonies of Love;
 What shall I be, when dazzling as the Light,
 Thy whole Effulgence flows upon my Sight?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an Abbess in thy Heart;
 See, while Devotion's ever-melting Strain
 Pours the loud Organ thro' the trembling Fane,

You pious Maids each earthly Wish disown,
 Kiss the dread Cross, and croud upon the Throne;
 O let thy Soul the sacred Charge attend,
 Their Warmths inspirit, and their Virtues mend;
 Teach ev'ry Breast from every Hymn to steal
 The Seraph's Meekness, and the Seraph's Zeal;
 To rise to rapture, to dissolve away,
 In Dreams of Heav'n, and lead thyself the Way,
 Till all the Glories of the blest Abode
 Blaze on the Scene, and ev'ry Thought is God.
 While thus thy exemplary Cares prevail,
 And make each Vestal spotless as her Veil,
 Th' eternal Spirit o'er thy Cell shall move,
 In the soft Image of the mystic Dove;
 The long lost Gleams of Heav'nly Comfort bring,
 Peace in his Smile, and healing on his Wing;
 At once remove Affliction from thy Breast,
 Melt o'er her Soul, and hush her Pangs to rest.

O that my Soul, from Love's curst Bondage free,
 Cou'd catch the Transports that I urge to thee!
 O that some Angel's more than magic Art
 Would kindly tear the Hermit from this Heart!
 Extinguish ev'ry guilty Sense, and leave,
 No Pulse to riot, and no Sigh to heave.
 Vain, fruitless Wish! still, still, the vig'rous Flame
 Bursts, like an Earthquake, thro' my shatter'd Frame;
 Spite

Spite of the Joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
 I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
 Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
 Thy Form, my Idol, and thy Charms, my Heav'n.

Yet, yet, my Fair! thy nobler Efforts try,
 Lift me from Earth, and give me to the Sky;
 Let my lost Soul thy brighter Virtues feel,
 Warm'd with thy Hopes, and wing'd with all thy Zeal,
 And when, low-bending at the hallow'd Shrine,
 Thy contrite Heart shall Abelard resign;
 When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
 Unbars the Gates of Light, and bids thee live;
 Seize on th' auspicious Moment e're it flee,
 And ask the same immortal Boon for me.

Then when these black terrific Scenes are o'er,
 And rebel Nature chills the Soul no more;
 When on thy Cheek th'expiring Roses fade,
 And thy last Lustres darken in the Shade;
 When arm'd with quick Varieties of Pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from Vein to Vein,
 Pale Death shall set my kindred Spirit free,
 And these dead Orbs forget to dote on thee;
 Some pious Friend, whose wild Affections glow
 Like ours, in sad Similitude of Woe,
 Shall drop one tender sympathizing Tear,
 Prepare the Garland, and adorn the Bier:

Our

Our lifeless Reliques in one Tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial Dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every Stain,
Our active Souls shall climb th' æthereal Plain,
To each bright Cherub's Purity aspire,
Catch all his Zeal, and beam with all his Fire;
There, where no Face the Gloom of Anguish wears,
No Uncle murders, and no Passion tears,
Enjoy with Heav'n Eternity of Rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest!

